

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, OCTOBER, 10, 1843.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV. No. 11.

TERMS OF THE STANDARD.

OR ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE, \$2 00
WITHIN THE YEAR, 3 00
AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE YEAR, 5 00
Payments will be considered in advance, if made within three months after subscribing. No paper will be discontinued, (unless at the option of the publisher,) until all arrearages are paid.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square (10 lines) three insertions, \$1 00
" For each subsequent insertion, 25
" For six months, 5 00
" For twelve months, 10 00
Longer advertisements will be charged in the same proportion.

A reasonable deduction will be made on yearly advertisements.
All orders for advertising or job-work must be accompanied by the cash, except from those who have open accounts with the office.
Office in the south end of the Market Building.

From the Ohio Statesman.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Union Hotel, in the city of Columbus, on the 28th of September, 1843, to take into consideration the subject of the extraordinary verdict rendered in the Court of Common Pleas of this county, this day, against Col. Medary, Editor of the Ohio Statesman.

The meeting was called to order by appointing Gen. W. F. SANDERSON, President, SAMUEL WILSON, Vice President and D. B. White, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been briefly stated,

On motion, a committee of seven was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this meeting: when the following gentlemen were selected: Dr. Trevitt, S. D. Preston, E. Gale, J. Rinehart, E. Gayer, G. W. Slocum and John Walton.

The committee, after having retired for a short time, returned and reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is with feelings of astonishment and strong indignation that we have heard the enormous verdict of two THOUSAND DOLLARS, this day pronounced in the Court of Common Pleas, against the Editor of the Ohio Statesman, for an alleged libel upon Demas Adams, contained in a communication over the signature of "Martin Luther" which was inserted in the Statesman of May 8th, 1840.

Resolved, That, as we have charity for the conscience of men when blinded by excited party prejudice, we will not for a single moment impute corrupt motives to the twelve jurors who gave the verdict, but in view of the cause upon which it was founded, and of the extraordinary circumstances attendant upon the selection of the jury, we do not hesitate to say that, to our minds, it seems most palpably unjust and oppressive.

Resolved, That, in order to justify our opinion before each candid mind throughout the country, we state these facts, which were made known, and not contradicted, upon the trial of the case:

1. That at the time of the publication of the communication upon which the suit was brought, Col. Medary was some five hundred miles distant, and knew nothing of it until his arrival at home, some three weeks after its publication.

2. That, immediately upon his return, he authorized N. H. Swayne, his counsel, to say to Mr. Adams, that, if he had been at home, the article would not have been published.

3. That a consultation was held by the counsel of the parties, when it was agreed that if he (Medary) would give up the name of the author, and agree to make a retract, the suit would be withdrawn—which agreement was fully and honorably complied with by Col. Medary, by giving up the name of the author, and proffering a statement retracting all that had been said in the communication against the character of Adams, but Adams would not, as agreed, dismiss his suit and therefore the retraction was never published.

4. That, from the time of getting the name of the author, he (Adams) manifested a determination to resist any honorable compromise, (having been mistaken in his supposition of the person of the real author.)

5. That after having succeeded in forcing on the trial in the absence of the defendant, in advance of all other business, and the jury having been impaneled, it was found that there were four of the regular jury absent, whereupon the whig Sheriff selected from the court room a sufficient number of men, all of whom were whigs—the defendant's counsel objected two of whom were again filled by whigs—thus having an entire whig jury, six of whom were called by the whig Sheriff and his deputy.

Resolved, That, in Col. Medary's absence, he could not have been morally culpable for the publication of a communication of which he

knew nothing, and which he had never seen, and the proof of the fact before the jury, that he offered to retract all the offensive matter, shows the kindness of his heart and the purity of his motives, and, in view of these facts, we do conscientiously believe that the chief object of Adams, urged by the leaders of the federal party, has been to prostrate Col. Samuel Medary, and destroy the usefulness of his press.

Resolved, That, under these circumstances, we look upon this verdict, rendered by a partisan jury, under the appeals of the bitterest and most vindictive partisan counsel, as an alarming evidence of the danger of entrusting the institutions of our country to the hands of federalists.

Resolved, That the course of Thomas Ewing, as counsel for Adams—his partial appeals to the partisan prejudices of a whig jury, now to come forward and wreak their vengeance upon the devoted head of the democratic editor—shows but more conclusively the baseness of his cowardly heart; and that his oft repeated rejection from responsible stations, by the people of his country, but add to his malignity, and his hatred of the free exercise of democratic institutions.

Resolved, That in Col. SAMUEL MEDARY we recognize the talented, faithful and fearless editor—the unassuming, urbane and gentlemanly citizen—the kind neighbor—the warm hearted, and devoted friend—whose private virtues we esteem and admire, not less than his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of democratic liberty. Federalism always delights to destroy such a man.

Resolved, That the OHIO STATESMAN is the true exponent of democratic principles—through which they are truly, honestly and faithfully heralded to the world in tones of truth, which cause the sordid, corrupt, and craven hearted enemies of equal rights, to tremble upon their cowardly limbs; and these we believe to be prominent among the causes which would induce the enemies of its editor attempt to crush the man and paralyze the press.

Resolved, That if contrary to every expectation which we now entertain, this most extraordinary verdict, shall be sustained, it will become the duty of the democracy of the state, if they would be faithful to him who has ever been faithful to them, to take upon themselves the burden which federalism has sought to impose upon Col. Medary; and we fully believe that there is not a democrat in Ohio who would not gladly contribute of his own hard, honest earnings, rather than permit him who has long stood sentinel upon our foremost watchtower, to bear the blow aimed at him, solely to cause of his unflinching fidelity to the democratic cause.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by its officers, published in the Ohio Statesman, and all the democratic papers throughout the State.

W. F. SANDERSON,

President.

SAMUEL WILSON,

Vice President.

D. B. WHITE, Secretary.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

A SCENE IN ALABAMA.

BY H. HOOPER, Esq.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow, rather past the prime of life—(just at that period at which nature supplies more abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue)—and hitching to the fence walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we, in our usual bland and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Morning," said the widow, gruffly. Drawing our blanks from their cases, we proceeded—"I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've heard of you.—Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you—that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' or 'chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye. Here Bull! here Pomp! Two wolfish curs responded to the call of Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet, with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the old she-savage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we meekly, "Bull and Pomp seem to very fine dogs."

"You may well say that; what I tell them do, they do; and if I was to sick them on your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Robinson. And it's just what I shall do, if you try to pry into my concerns. They

are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nether, I reckon. Oh, old Van Buren! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd-I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, just to tax it, when its taxed enough a' ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No such a thing—you'll do no such a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the drotted old villian, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old; they are all a plaguy sight wittier than you, and whether they are he or she, is none of your concerns."

We told her we should report her to the Marshal and she would be fined; but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal or your Mr. Van Buren here, if your bad-off too—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come, (looking as savage as a Bengal tigress.)—Oh, I wish he would come!" and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark by way of a joke.

"Kill him I kill him!—oh, if I had him here by the years, I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow, to be eating his vittil out of gold spoons that poor peoples taxed for and raisin' an army to get made king of Ameriky—the audacious, nasty, stinking, old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed: "And now, just put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Just put down 'Judy Thompson, ageable woman and four children!'"

We objected to making any such entry; but the old hag vowed that it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation in her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Thompson, ageable woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith, mounting our old back, we determined to give the old lady a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, she shouted:

"Old 'oman,"

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long legged, hatch faced whelp you? I'll make the dogs take you of that horse if you give me any more sars. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do."

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremities of our countenance, we said: "You needn't be uneasy, old'un, on that score—though you might suit some legged Dick S—up our way, and should like to know what to tell him what he might count on, if he came down next Sunday!"

"Here, Bull!" shouted the Widow, "sick him Pomp!" but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Sick, Pomp—sick, sick, sick him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy!"

ENCOUNTER WITH A PIRATE.

Speaking of a formidable pirate said to have been lately seen in the West Indies, the Richmond Star takes occasion to give the following particulars of an encounter with freebooters several years ago, in the same latitude, which have never before appeared in print, but which are nevertheless true. The general facts of the case are these:—

Captain Robinson, now a wealthy and much respected citizen of New York, while in command of a ship many years ago, at a time when several of the European powers were at war, discovered one day, just as night was setting in, a suspicious looking sail under his lee; but as the stranger made no movement towards him, he concluded that she was probably one of the many privateers which swarmed the ocean. The next morning he discovered the strange sail nearer to him, and very soon became satisfied that she was not only hostile, but a pirate. He had one gun, and an abundance of small arms and ammunition on board, and fortunately a good number of passengers, mostly men. When satisfied that he had no alternative but to fight or surrender, he assembled the passengers in the cabin, and told them that they must decide

whether they would surrender and be themselves murdered, and give their wives and daughters to the brutality of the fiends then pursuing them, or stand upon their defence like men: If they chose the latter alternative, he gave them a fair warning that it must be a desperate conflict, and that boarding the pirate was probably their only chance of success.

Most of the passengers responded promptly that they would fight to the last, if fight they must. Although to windward, it was found that the superior sailing of the pirate was more than a match in a long chase for this advantage, and Robinson resolved at once to meet the crisis, and decide the matter while his position gave him the choice of commencing the engagement. He steered at once to meet the foe, thus giving him to understand that he was prepared for him. As he neared him, the pirate gave him a broadside from the guns, three in number, that crippled him badly, killing two of his best seamen and one passenger.—Still he kept on, receiving another broadside that injured him more, but not so badly as the first. In a few moments he was near the pirate, and by a skilful manœuvre got a raking position, and taking good aim, he for the first time discharged his gun, loaded heavily with canister and grape. The effect was tremendous; the vessel being much cut up, and the slaughter among the pirate crew prodigious.—This created confusion among them, and enabled Robinson to plant his bow against the pirate, just where he preferred.

In an instant the bowsprit was crowded with the devils, looking like very fiends, who dashed upon the forward deck in large force. A bloody struggle then ensued, hand, in which the ship's defenders were driven back by the overwhelming force, and the prospect for instant was that they would be annihilated, beyond the chance of hope. At this moment, some one of the passengers shouted in English to clear the way—stand back for the gun." The Spaniards raised a yell of triumph, as they saw their foes, who met them so sturdily, rush back, and were in the act of springing forward as the murderous charge of the gun met them with sweeping carnage—leaving but few alive, and covering the deck with the mangled remains of more than a score of the wretches. But a fresh force supplied their place, and four several times the good gun cleared the deck of the blood-thirsty villains. As they went leaping back the fourth time, Robinson shouted to his men to "board," and in a moment the strife was on the pirate's deck.

The force of the pirate had been terribly cut down in the previous contest, and after a short but desperate struggle, in which Capt. Robinson received a shocking wound from a cutlass, passing from his forehead, between his eyes, across his cheek and down his neck—yet he killed the man who wounded him, and two or three others, after receiving the slash, the pirates were all driven below and there secured. The cabin was then cleared of every valuable, the vessel scuttled, and in a short time she was sunk, carrying with her every soul left on board, wounded, dying and dead. Capt. Robinson was wounded in many places besides the last shocking wound across his face, the scar of which he yet bears, and many of his forces had fallen or were desperately wounded; but he carried his ship safe through her voyage, and was able to tell of one of the most gallant and desperate actions of which we ever heard, or which history can show.

ANECDOTE OF PAT POWER OF DALRAGLE.

When traveling in England, Pat had made encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish, what to do, he quietly made his supper of the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently, his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box.—When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring them "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid for them along with his own.

WAVES OF THE SEA A MOTIVE POWER.—An English publication says that this power, which has long been vaguely known to exist, but the idea of ever bringing it into use never appears to have been even thought of, is just now being brought under notice by Y. A. Etzler, who, by means of some very simple machinery, has made the alternating perpendicular motion of a ship, by the power of the wave, subservient to her horizontal motion through the water. The mode of the application of this power is thus described:

"To conceive how this power can be brought into action, it is necessary to know, that to whatever height a wave rises, it has no effect on the calm of the water below, further than a depth equal to its height, and hence it is easy to render the power of waves efficient, by offering them a resistance; for the propulsion of a vessel, this resistance is obtained by connecting a sort of platform placed beneath the undulation of the waves with the vessel floating in them; and both ends of this platform, and brought up on each side of the vessel, are strong connecting rods, attached to arms working on an axis; to these arms are fixed ratchetwheels, worked in tooth-wheels, connected with paddles, at every pitch of the vessel the alternate perpendicular motion causes the paddle wheels to revolve. This is the most simple application of the power; but, by a proper arrangement of requisite machinery, fly wheel, &c., the motion of the vessel may be regulated as true as by the steam-engine; and by springs placed in proper parts of the two floating bodies—namely, the vessel and the platform—all danger may be resisted, and concussion rendered harmless. Mr. Etzler calculates that twenty to thirty miles per hour can be easily and safely attained by these means, and that taking into consideration the duration of calms, when there is always an undulation of the sea, the average rate of velocity on long sea voyages may be estimated at from ten to twenty miles an hour. A perfectly successful experiment has been made off Margate, with the most simple mechanism, and a model is exhibited in the captain's room at Lloyd's for public inspection.

Our readers are doubtless well acquainted with the familiar fable of the race between the rabbit and the tortoise. The rabbit had so much confidence in his powers, and the tortoise won the race.—An instructive lesson is contained in this. There is no opponent so weak but he may be feared; and a party has as often been beaten by having too much strength, as by wanting that requisite. We may be ever so strong in fact, but our strength avails nothing unless applied when and where it is wanted. Every one should reflect that possibly on his vote the election may depend, and act accordingly.—There can be no cause for regret in giving a heavy majority; but if defeated, the man who stays at home may justly accuse himself of being the cause of the defeat of his own cherished principles; and are any prepared to incur the possibility of this? We trust none.—Southport Telegraph.

A MELANCHOLY STORY.—A letter dated on the 11th ult., at Jacksonville, East Florida, and published in the Savannah Republican, relates the following truly melancholy details of an event that lately occurred in the neighborhood of Alligator.

The father of the family, consisting of a wife and two sons, in the vicinity of that place was taken sick, and during his illness, there being no food in the house, the wife took the gun for the purpose of procuring game. Having wandered out of the way, she got lost, and after three days solitary adventure in the wilderness, she at last, weary and sick, found her home, and her husband a corpse! Being unable to act further, she sent her eldest boy to the house of a neighbor, some seven or eight miles off, for assistance. The little fellow, shortly after his arrival beneath the friendly roof, through previous sickness and present excitement beyond his years, became ill, and before he could tell his tale, died. A few days after, the house was visited, when, oh, the deplorable sight! alongside of the father was found the dead bodies of his wife and remaining son! The tale is short but true. They all had perished through starvation. The tear of sympathy will freely flow when recounting such events.

PLANK ROADS.—This sort of a road in a new country where forests abound, has been found both cheaper and more advantageous for draught, than McAdam roads, and greatly cheaper than railroads.

In Canada there are several of these roads, the cost of construction being about \$2000 a mile.

Baton Rouge is very sickly at this time.

FINDING PROPERTY.—An English paper states that at the last Devon assizes, a woman was charged and sentenced to a severe imprisonment, for appropriating to her own use a sum of money which she found in the street. The judge stated the law of the case, and as there exists much ignorance as to the ownership of lost property, we lay before our readers the decision of the judge—the law and justice in connexion with this subject being the same in England and America:

"If property is found in a public road, which has been dropped, the finding of that property does not give the finder any right to it. He is bound in law and justice to take that property and keep it for the benefit of the fair owner, and bound in conscience to try and find him out.—If property has any mark on it, if it have the name on it, or if the notes are enclosed in a cover, with the address on it, the duty is stronger, because there are the directions to the owner and place of residence. The finder is not guilty of felony until he does an act showing that he intends to appropriate the property to his own use; but the keeping it without endeavoring to find the owner, or any attempt to sell or use it, is a larceny.

ROTARY KNITTING LOOK.—Mr. A. French of Springfield, has after much labor and study brought to perfection a machine which knits stockings and hosiery of all kinds without seam or blemish, with a rapidity and cheapness hitherto unparalleled. Each machine will knit one sock per hour, while one girl can easily tend ten machines and five hundred machines may be driven by one horse power. Rev. John Pierpont declares it to be one of the greatest mechanical inventions of the age. Unlike the clumsy cumbersome stocking-machines of former days, it weighs but three pounds, and may be placed on the centre table of any lady's drawing room. It will knit cotton, woolen, silk, or any fabric from the finest to the coarsest. Northampton Dem.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Salem, in his sermon preached on the occasion of the 39th anniversary of his settlement, relates the following anecdote, which gives an interesting and amusing view of the facilities of travelling two hundred years ago, compared with those we now enjoy:—

"Several years after the settlement of this place, four men undertook to go from Salem to Boston, by land—an expedition of such difficulty that it had never been attempted by civilized man.—They accomplished the journey in four days, and so extraordinary was it deemed, that on the next Sabbath, they joined in offering a note of thanksgiving and praise for that guardian hand which had guided them through the toils and perils of the way, and brought them to their homes in safety. Now, without toil and danger, we are carried to the metropolis in thirty five minutes!"

TO SUNDRY PERSONS.—When you feel your passions rising, never confine or repress them. How many evils have been burst by too close an imprisonment of their contents? Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican government.

Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong—it shows that you have no independence.

Whenever you attack your neighbor's character, do it behind his back, so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for any offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you nobody will believe them, and so you will get clear.

Never forgive an injury. The power of pardoning belongs to the Governor.

When you have done an act of charity, publish it to others—so that they may do so too. Besides every man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional; for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the legislature has no right to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue—therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand.

When you are in church, go to sleep. Sunday is a day of rest.

Never sweep your parlor—it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb—it is a part of a spiders dwelling house, and of course his castle, and therefore is sacred.